FOR GIRLS TO ADORE. Bierelist and a Banjoist Take the Midsummer Pedestals of the Winter Bramatic Pets

Theatrical Usage as Exploited Impolitely by Gilbert-Some Other Theatrical Points. Vandeville supplants drama in midsummer even to the point of providing what would be matinee idols if there were any afternoon performances in the roof gardens. There are two chaps just now who hold on our variety stage the distinction of being admired by girls with the ardor usually bestowed on the masculine leaders of the dramatic companions. It is wholly a matter of appearances with these new pets, as neither speaks a word during his performance. Both are handsome young fellows, with an air of refinement, and therefore in agreeable contrast with some of their proundings. One is a bicycle rider, of the Johnstone brothers, at the Venetian Terrace. His first name is not printed in the bills. Probably letters addressed to Pretty Johnstone would be delivered to him without hesitation. It is certain that he would know instantly that they were meant for him. His conscious esnem of himself leaves no doubt whatever on that point. He has found out his gift of beauty and does not undervalue its business worth. But he is so strong and brave that his vanity is easily condoned. After going through with a lot of feats in bicycle riding, alone and in conjunction with his plainer brother, he comes to a difficult and dangerous climax by jumping his wheel step by step to the top of a narrow stairway and dropping thence at the other side, still mounted. He usually has to try half a dozen times, owing to the nicety of balance required, before at length reaching the height. Some of his tumbles hurt him, and he may yet break his neck or, more deplorable still, disfigure his face to his perilous act. If he looked like an ordinary athlete the girls might pay no great heed to him, but as it is they feel quite sure that he is a gentlemen, don't you know. The second idol of the roof gardens is a banjo player at the Cherry Blossom Grove. The team of Polk and Kollins is composed of two young men who look as though they might be Columbia students. They show no trace of the variety show musician. You would not be surprised to encounter them in a fashionable drawing room. But one of them is not handsome, while the other is a great deal of a beauty. Now you know which one is the girls' new idol, but which is his name. Polk or Kollins, is not made clear in the programme. Very likely a bouquet addressed to the firm would be handed to him anyway. Both are exceptionally fine banjoists, and feminine ears may listen to them in-partially, but feminine eyes are fixed on the one with fine features, fresh complexion, thick hair and cultured expression. Unlike Mr Johnstone, there is no suggestion of self-consciousness in Mr. Polk, or Mr. Kollins, whichever he may be. To the extent that New York girls are in town in July, they talk as much

One of the vaudeville outputs is out of sight, not in the metaphor of slang, but literally. A current number at the Proctor theatres is placarded "The Invisible Voice." That doesn't keep the visitor guessing long, for by the time the from curtain is lowered the planist begins the a companiment of a song and an unseen child pipes up on the air. Song and voice are of 'Ae character made familiar by "boy sorrame." the only change being that the singer is not seen. Response to a recall, which is demanded, doesn't disclose the vocalist. The easily devised change from the conventional is applauded heartily and this may be attributed in about equal parts to the youth of the singer and a desire to see him. The "Girl With the Auburn Hair." who on a capital of a fair voice and a better blonde wig, won fame in vandeville and her manager for a husband, hurt the effect of her specialty in its earlier showings by coming out of her picture of the interior of a shareh to respond to recalls. So perhaps the invisibility of the later singer is the potent factor. Will Mr. Proctor or Mr. Keith kindly provide invisible soubrettes? Some of the very bread-shouldered ones can be spared. Anover odd introduction of a song is where, between two acts, the rianjst plays the air of It een two acts, the planist plays the air "da Tigar Lily" while one of the boy atte ants is passing ice water. When the choru reached the boy sings it, but continues to h glasses around. The little chap has a rai glasses around. The little chap has a rather good voice and generally has to repeat the retrain two or three times. In mentioning new vaudeville points one of the comicalities of Nat Wills may be included as an expressive bit of pantomime. He is called before the curtain a few times and a bouquet is handed to him. He unpins a note from the ribbon that holds the flowers and opens it, shaking it to see if money or a check will drop out. Neither does, but as he reads a smile comes over his face. He glunces up frequently and finally counts back a few rows of seats in the auditorium. Then he refers to the note again and counts across. When has located a certain person he nods and goes off, making a sign toward the stage door. At such things Broadway audiences laugh in midsummer.

about this bicyclist and this banjoist as they

do about dramatic stage heroes in December.

Somebody asks THE SUN what direction public taste will take in theatrical amusements next season. That will depend on the supply rather than the demand. No generally nteresting piece well performed will be disiked by our audie 1024,00 matter what class of excellence it may belong to The most popular and prosperous two stage productions n New York last season were serious, one depicting early Christianity and the other modern crime. Next season the leaders may be contrastingly jocular, say a comedy and an extravaganza. There is no such thing as a sudden shift of preference by audiences. They rush to the best shows of any and every kind. They grow more and more exacting year by year, but they never insist upon one type of play to the neglect of others This is a big city, and there is room in it for all the genuine entertainment that the theatrical managers can provide in all the wide range from tears to laughter, from tragic shock to soothing sensuality, from dignified weight to frolicsome lightness. The only proviso is that the matter shall be new and engrossing. New York craves shall be new and eugrossing. New York craves movely on its stage. It does not like to be thoughtful at the theatre. It wishes to be thoughtful at the theatre in a more any people, even the most intelligent, with any particular field a score dash into it pell mail. For that reason and no other a positive friught in any particular field a score dash into it pell mail. For that reason and no other a positive friught in misodrana, fareo or what-not is livery to be the service of the pell mail. For that reason and no other a positive friught in misodrana, fareo or what-not is livery to be the service of the service novelty on its stage. It does not like to be thoughtful at the theatre. It wishes to be

the same things when she played the part in his country, at a safe distance from Mr. Gilbert but when she used the piece in England, where copyright gave him control, she is said to have obeyed his directions. He has figured churlishly in the public controversy with Miss Steer and has lost his case in court. Nevertheless there is something to be said in his behalf, and in saying it some information about stage processes may be imparted. The disputed scene in "Pygmalion and Galatea" is where the wife of e sculptor, furiously jealous of her husband on account of the vivified statue, consigns him punishment by the gods with blindness. At the climax of the second act Galatea should retire up the stage and leave the action to the husband and the wife. But Miss Anderson used to keep her elf at the front, and it was a determination by Miss Steer to do the same that provoked Mr. Gilbert's wrath. He was right in an artistic sense. Moreover, he followed the settled rule that the author and not the actor shall decide how his play shall be performed This is not to say that "stars" do not have their own way in many re-pects or that managers do not commonly alter the plays which they produce. But it is a fact that the really eminent dramatists will not permit the smallest changes in their compositions by other hands than their own. Even when the author is less absolute it is a custom of courtesy to get his consent, if possible, whenever any revision is deemed necessary. As to the actors generally, they are very strictly restrained from taking any liberties with their roles. They are required to speak and move in the public performances precisely as they have been instructed to in the private rehear als. It is only by such exact obedience that effective representations can be achieved. The author or the director may be glad toget suggestions by the actor, and many a minor role has been developed into value by its ingenious player, but all that has to be prearranged. The vague idea of the audience is that the actors create the characters and vary them at will. Go twice to see a play enacted by a well-managed company and you will see how literal the repetition is in evey tone, gesture and other expression of meaning. It is sometimes surprising to observe how faithfully all these things, as fixed in the first Broadway use of a drama, are retained vary after year by travelling companies. This is not to say that "stars" do not have their serve how faithfully all the e things, as fixed in the first Broadway use of a drama. Are retained year after year by travelling companies. Those who are familiar with the methods of the stage see in Mr. Gilbert's position only an eminent author's insistence upon his professional rights. At the same time they may regard him as needlessly impolite and foolishly impolitic. Cant. Marshall, who wrote "His Excellency

the Governor" and "A Royal Family," has finished a comedy of incidents in the Boer war, and it is to be produced in London. It is diffleult to see how such a theme could now be treated in a way to supply laughter for English

Three plays dealing with the life of Benvenute Cellini are to be acted soon in London. Luigi Lablache, who was here one season with Olga Nethersole, is to be the first in the field with a version of the old French play on the same nistoric subject.

Charles Frohman has denied promptly that he is negotiating with Edna May or anybody else to act in extravaganza, a form of play

which he never uses. Paul Cinquevalli, a Pole by birth and in reality named Fünfthaeler, which he translated into Italian for stage use, says that he has retired. Once before he spent a long period in idleness. He began as an acrobat, and injured himself severely by a fall from a trapeze. While convalescing he acquired his wonderful skill is a He took up work with cannon balis after he was quite restored to health.

When Julia Nielson produces Paul Kester's play on the life of Nell Gwynne, which was used here by Rhea, Frederick Terry, Miss Nielson's husband, will be seen as Charles I., and a daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie will make her debut as an actress. It has not been named for London.

Flizabeth Robins, playwright and actress, has gone to Cape Nome as correspondent of

has gone to Cape Nome as correspondent of a London magazine. She does not expect to return to the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt is to leave her Paris theatre to the actors of the Comédie Française during her travels in this country. The occupancy will begin in October and continue until the new playhouse is completed. As the Française actors are to be homeless six weeks preceding that time, it is proposed to divide them into two parts to act tragedy at the Theatre Nouveau, and comedy at the Gymnase.

Paul Hervieu, who was elected to the French Academy in place of Edmond Pailleroz, would not ordinarily have been admitted until next December. But the Academicians desired to have a special meeting in homor of the Exposition and M. Hervieu was taken in.

Carmen d'Arlot, formerly an actress in Paris, has undertaken to repeat Fregoli's feats of quick impersonation. She is said to be less rapid, but more charming. She talks to a

has undertaken to repeat Fregoits leats of quick impersonation. She is said to be less rapid, but more charming. She talks to a reporter about her family and then its members are all represented by herself. A long string of characters is said to be delightfully and realistically presented. They range from a young soldier to a decrepit aunt.

"Julius Cæsar" headed the list of serious plays last winter at the Royal Theatre in Berlin, where more of Shakespeare's pieces are acted in one season than New York usually sees in five.

Ermete Zacconi lately gave Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Henschel" for the first time in Italy. The play has now been acted in every civilized tongue but English.

Novelli's Casa Goldoni, which is intended to serve as an Italian Théatre Français, will be opened in the autumn with one of Goldoni's comedies. Maria Grammatica, who was here with Elenora Duse, is likely to be the leading actress.

BILLIARD TABLE CLOTHES.

Green the Prevailing Color, but Cloths of Various Other Colors Used.

Green is the color commonly used the world over for billiard table cloths; it is a color that is grateful to the eye, it looks well by daylight, and lights up handsomely by artificial light, and does not easily show dirt. The green cloths are made in various shades. In this country the shade almost universally used is one of a clear, bright, beautiful tint called indigo green; in England there is used to a considerable extent a cloth of an olive green. But wherever a billiard table was encountered, in Europe or America, in Egypt or Australia, it would in all probability be covered with cloth in green of some shade. Billiard cloths, however, are made in various

colors other than green, these cloths of other colors being used almost exclusively for tables in private billiard rooms. There are more billiard tables sold nowadays for private houses than ever before, and with the growth of wealth and the spread of luxury a greater proportion of these tables are now made or finished to order, to harmonize in de-

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The soloists at the Kaltenborn Concert tonight are to be Herman Beyer-Hané and Carl Engel. The full programme is to be as follows Overture, "La Gazza Ladra"... Rossin Hymn to St. Cecelia... Gounod Ballet music, "Boabdil"... Moszkowsky Trumpet solo, "Inflammatus," "Stabat Mater,"

Largo, Second Symphony. Beethoven
Biegfried's Death and Funeral March,
"Götterdämmerung". Wagner
Overture, "Romeo and Juliet". Tschaikowsky
Cello solo, "Kol Nidrei". Max Bruch
Overture, "Orpheus". Offenbach
March, "Boccaccio". Suppe

Maude Powell is to return to the United States next January, after a notably successful career abroad. No other American woman violinist has enjoyed such honors as were shown to her. Leonora Jackson, who had planned to return to Europe for a series of appearances has cancelled her engagements and will remain in this country. Alexandre Petschnikoff returns here in January.

The two opera companies controlled by

Maurice Grau and C. L. Graff, manager of Mme. Sembrich, are not to be the only organizations to give foreign operatic performances here next winter. The old French Opera House in New Orleans, in spite of reports to the contrary, will again be occupied by an opera company which will give performances in French during the season. M. Charley, who controlled really an admirable organization last year—claude Bonnard was his leading tenor—had a fairly prosperous season in his home theatre, but rashly attempted a tour of the leading cities in a year conspicuous for its indifference to operatic enterprise. He was therefore unable to attempt the management of the theatre again, and it was proposed to lease the historic old house to a vandeville manager. The negotiations to that end fell through, however, and luckily a Paris manager, Berriel by name, came to the rescue and offered to conduct the theatre for a year. The directors of the opera house have given him a lease at a nominal reat and refused an offer of \$10,000 a year in order to assure to New Orleans a season of French opera. M. Berriel conducts every year a season of opera in Havana, and will divide the time of the company between the two cities. pany which will give performances in French

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Ferdinand Le Borne has been commissioned according to the French newspapers, to write an opera for the opening of the new opera house in Boston. If this report means anything at all, it probably means that he is to compose some orchestral numbers for the new Boston Music Hall. Le Borne is a Belgian, and his two operas, "Mudarra" and "Hedda," have been sung in Germany and Italy. In France his work is wholly unknown. David Bispham is announced to deliver a lecture before the Washington Choral Society next winter. Mr. Bispham took fright at the report that he was to leave the concert stage and become an actor, although no agitation was noticed in other quarters. Mr. Bispham denied the awful rumor at one of his concerts, and it remains to be seen what tortures he will suffer under the heinous accusation that he is to become a lecturer.

Charles R. Adams, who died last week in Boston, was one of the first American tenors to win a reputation abroad. He was born in Charlestown in 1834 and devoted himself to professional singing from an early age. He

to win a reputation abroad. He was born in Charlestown in 1834 and devoted himself to professional singing from an early age. He was popular in concert and in oratorio in Bos ton before he went abroad and studied in Vienna under Barbieri. He sang in Vienna first in "La Sonnambula." with Marie Padilla-Artot, who is now teaching in Paris, and has coached Mine. Marcella Sembrich in several of her roles. He made a great success in Vienna, and later became first tenor at the German Opera in Budapest. He then went to Berlin, and at the end of his three years' engagement there became leading tenor at Vienna and remained there for nine years. He came back to this country in the late 70s. sang in Wagnerlan opera with Mine. Eugenie Pappenheim, and in 1879 settled in Boston. No American male singer ever had a more distinguished European career.

Jean de Reszke reappeared in London as Walther in "Die Meistersinger," after he had been announced several times and been compelled to withdraw from the casts. He did not take part in "Goetterdaemmerung." nor is it thought that he will sing in "Tristan und Isolde" this year. He is expected to appear at Windsor Castle with his brother and Mme. Meiba in parts of "Faust." He was to sing there in "Romeo et Juliette" two years ago, but was prevented by a sudden hoarseness. Albert Saleza took his place. But the real interest of the performance will be in Mme Meiba's appearance before the Queen. This will be her first as for various reasons the Queen has not hitherto consented to have the name of the Australian soprano on any of the programmes at her private performances. But Mme Meiba should not have midded that Her Majesty is a captious impresario and cut out the second act of "Lohengrin" because she doesn't like dark scenes. Milka Ternina recently sang Ortrude at Covent Garden with Johanna Gadski as Elsa. The cast for the arst Mme. Melba in parts of "Faust." He was to

ter, the work may be heard here. The composer came to London to rehearse and conduct the opera.

Clara Ellen Butt received a gold headed cane and a cake six feet high among her wedding presents, and had the choice of St. Paul's in London for her wedding or the cathedral at Bristol. She selected the latter and the grateful citizens of the place gave her a diamond pin People began to gather outside the church with camp stools five hours before the time set for the service although it is not mentioned that ticket speculators were present. It took four clergymen to perform the ceremony and one of them delivered a sermon. Joseph Kennerley Rumford the bridegroom, gave his wife a diamond thara and seven diamond bracelets. A hotel was hired for the display of the presents and the bridal couple went to Norway for three months

months

Johann Kubelik, a Bohemian violinist 20 years old has just been acclaimed a remarkable performer by the London crities. His technical powers are especially praised. He was heard first in public two years ago in Vienna, after six years of study at the Prague Conservatory played last winter in Berlin where his public career properly began, and was brought to London by Hans Richter. He was born at Michle, near Prague where his father was a market gardener. But like most of his countrymen, he was an amateur violinist as well and gave his son his first lessons. In one London concert, he played Paganini's B minor concert, he as an amateur violinist as well and gave his son his first lessons. In one London concert, he played Paganini's B minor concert, and Paganini's 'I Pa piti.' Maude Macarthy, the Irish child violinist who was here two years ago, has recently appeared with some successin London.

Mme. Albani and Ada Crossley and MM. Ancona and Ben Davies were the soloists at the recent state concert in Buckingham Palace.

The Musical Directors' Association of London, which comprises all the directors of orchestras in the London theatres and those who have previously occupied the same positions, has recently built a clubhouse for its members, who now number 150. Ten years ago the organization had but ten members, but has increased rapidly and done much to raise the standard of theatre music in London.

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"Die Fledermaus" heads the list of operas sung during the past year at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. It was performed frequently at the new Royal Opera House. The same

sung during the past year at the Royal Opera. House in Berlin. It was performed frequently at the new Royal Opera House. The same success is prophesied for "The Mikado." A summer season of opera was begun in Berlin with Verdi's "Il Ballo in Macchera."

The remains of John Sebastian Bach, which were discovered at Leipsic on Oct. 22, 1894, will be placed on the 180th anniver-sary day of his death, July 28, in a stone sarco: hagus, to be imbedded in the vault built under the altar place of St. Thomas's Church.

The Baroness Julia Oppenheim recently gave 80,000 marks to the pension fund of the crche tra of the Royal Berlin Opera House. Emil Senger, at one time a concert singer in this city, made a successful appearance at the Royal Opera. House in Berlin as Sarastro in "Il Flauto Magico." At the Bach festival to be held in Berlin next spring, the Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, the Royal College of Music with its chorus and orchestra will take part together with other leading musical organizations of Germany. The first part of Berlioz's "Les Trojens" was sung at Leipsic the other day.

Mary Krebs, who was accounted the finest of women planists in her mastery of the classical style, died the other day in Dre den. Her only teacher was her father, who died twenty years ago. She was 40 years old at the time of her death and had devoted her later years to teaching. She came to this country in 1870 and remained here for two years, giving in that time more than two hundred concerts. Her debut was made at Mussen In 1883, and she was soon after known all over the civilized world as one of the best of women planists. Her mother, now 76 years old, the first German Fides, survives her. So does her husband.

A cycle of Lortzing's operas was recently given at Pyrmont.

The society formed to reopen La Scala in Milan and attempt to restore the former glories of that institution has not met & 30,000 is not to be got hold of, and it is declared that the opera house requires at least \$50,000 in addition to the \$30,000 given by the

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

A SUMMER DEMAND FOR VARIETIES CAUSES A FULL SUPPLY.

Vandeville Abundant in Various Forms, but Long Plays Scarce, and Serious Bramas Absent Altogether in This Week's Lay-Out of Diversions on the Metropolitan Stage.

The entire absence of serious drama during the summer until past the middle of August is usual in New York, but it is not so in some of the large American cities. The handsomest theatre in Boston keeps open the year round with its resident company in a weekly change of play. San Francisco has all its dramatic houses now in use. Chicago is still supporting a big Drury Lane melodrama along with other pieces. Milwaukee, St. Paul, Denver Minneapolis and other Western cities have summer companies in the same kinds of rlays which New York will not accept in hot weather. Our July taste runs to song, dance and fun, and so vaudeville in all its phases is plenty. Lew Dockstader is still the funniest man at Manhattan Beach and will be for a week longer. After that James T. Powers will succeed him in comicality as the Chinaman in a revival of "The Geisha." Changes in songs and jokes will be made by Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels in both the first part and in the olio that follows. Fanciulli's Band, which gives free concerts daily, will join forces with the black-faced entertainers in two performances to-day. Pain's firework espectacle is not diminishing in beauty, but rather increasing, as new things are being added.

The Johnstone brothers remain the forenost entertainers on the Victoria roof, and some of the other performers who started the season successfully there are still in the bill. However, enough changes have been made to renier a second visit as pleasant as the first.

The Ramblers, who come to the New York roof, are German pantomimists new to this country. Two other foreign acts are Belle Rita's trick bicycling from France, and "Die Puppen Fee," the German ballet that was announced for last Monday and postponed.

Adah Lane will be the interlocutor in a minstrel show, partly of men and partly of women, on the Casino roof. The White Ribbon orchestra, all women, will be on the stage during the first part, and some experienced end men have been engaged. Charles B. Ward and James Thornton will be among the performers of the olio. John Hyams will take the place of Harry

Stuart in "The Rounders," which remains at

Mile. La Tosca, no relation to the Floria of that name impersonated by Sarah Berchardt, is a dancer who will be new among the performers on Koster & Bial's roof. This garden of all nations has for its French week familiar and unfamiliar specialists from the land of the can-can. America is represented in the sweet-voiced May Fiske and the loud-voiced

Eddie Leslie, Manhattan Comedy Four, Kelly and Reno, Mile. Carrie, Lewis and Elliott and a dozen other's are in this week's show at the Lion Palace.

Gentry is the name that is in gold letters on everything in the circus that tents at 135th street and Lenox avenue. Some rarely welltrained dogs and ponies are in the show. Bergen Brach still has in its Casino "The

Girl in Black," the musical farce that reached its fiftieth performance last week. The Palm Garden there has Rosati's band for daily concerts of popular music.

Indoor vaudeville as offered by the con-

tinuous shows attracts large audiences. These theatres are artificially cooled, and their bills are kept well nigh to winter standards. Tomorrow's newly arranged lists assure diverting programmes. The chief feature at Proctor's Palace will be the farce "Oscar's Birthday," in which Wilfred Clarke will be the chief player. To top the list of specialists is George Wilson, who delivers a monologue in minstrel show fashion. Others to follow him are Furber and Davis, the Rixfords, Westman and Wren, Tenley and Simonds, Ely and Harvey and the De Muths. In to-day's programme will be "A Surprise Party," a short farce, and specialties from the Bachellor Club, Cole and Johnson and the Brights.

Edwin M. Favor and Edith Sinclair will have one entitled "My Prospective Uncle," with a new topical song for the comedian. Ida one entitled "My Prospective Uncle," with a new topical song for the comedian. Ida Van Siclen, who became familiar to continuous show audiences as a companion to Harry Lacy, will have the other. It is called "A Sporting Education." Walace Campbell will be her assistant. Lafayette will be chief of specialists. Mimiery of Ching Ling Foo and copying of that performer's tricks will be a feature of his imma, which also will include a laughable caricature of Bandmaster Sousa. Some of the others retained are Rice and Elmer, Blondell, Callahan and Mack, Zeb and Zarrow, Zeika, Travello, Charlie Case, Bertie Fowler, the Le Pages and Edith Murillo. Edna Aug will be to the fore at Proctor's Twenty-third Street. She will use the specialty entitled "The Scrubwoman's Dream," which was new at the Broadway Proctor house a few weeks ago. A showy inning will be for Jerome and Alexis, two contortionists who have their own set of scenery and accessories. Hodgkins and Leith will play a rural sketch called "Seth Honkins's Courtin" and contrasted musical offerings will be from Vashti Earle, Lailu Sheperd, Hegeman, Schroeder and James and the Bateses. Two negroes, the Eldridges, will also have a hearing in a variety show sketch of lokes, sirging and dancing. The short farce of to-day's bill will engage Wilfred Clarke and four companions, and George Wilson, the Rivfords and Adolph Zink will be among the specialists.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue will be held by speciality folk. Marzella's trained birds will make the showiest display. Cockatoos that turn somersaults, choose colors called for from the audience and select letters of the alphabet in such creer as to spell names correctly are in her cars. Two huge forws that hop through blazing rings close this inning. An acrobate speciality calling for an unusual degree of skill will be that of Young and Sells. Others named are Reno and Richards, acrobate; Six and Gedney, banjoists. A. C. Lawrence, a ventriloquist; the Ramsery, the Fremonts, Cole and Johnson, Little and Pritzkow and Hughey Doughe Van Siclen, who became familiar to continu-

Excitement Caused by a Sudden Change in Official Written Characters.

What many regard as an injudicious move at the present moment has just been made by the British Indian Government in connection with the written characters in use in north-west India for official purposes. The Mohammedan invaders of India used the Persian characters and imposed the system on the country for all official purposes, with the result that it has become largely used by all classes and for all purposes. The character generally and religious purposes is the Nagri.

The sudden and unexpected change has produced a great ferment among the Mohammedans of upper India, who, not being usually acquainted with Nagri, believe they see in it the first step toward turning them out of official employment. The question has also a religious aspect to them, as it appears to them to be a triumph for a rival religion. Already, it is said in India, it is being put about that the object of the British Government in making this radical change is to break up the combination that has recently been formed between Mussulmans and Hindoos against the administration of the plague regulations by administration of the plague regulations by introducing a cause of discord between them. There probably is nothing in this suggestion, but that it has been made at all is a sign of the danger of making important changes at a time when the masses are greatly excited, and external circumstances require that internal tranquility should reign in India.

A WISE MAN IN KANSAS CITY. Looked Like a Plano Mover or a Hodcarries

but Got a New Yorker's Roll. "I wouldn't ha' minded it so much if I'd got nine back here in the old burg, where any man's liable to stack up against a grafter that's new one sprung on me 'way out there in Kansas City, and to have the bundle pulled off me by a guy that looked as if he was taking a day off from his job in a boiler factory—well, say, gimme air!" moaned the Tammany man with the wide-brimmed Panama hat, making

"Trapped your roll out there, bey?" said the other man at the table in a tone of no particular interest. "S'pose some Kansas City doll threw her arms around your neck on the street and yelled that you were her long-lost cousin, and when you convinced her to the contrayy, and she went away, dabbing at her eyes, you found when you held yourself up that you were minus the wad, hey? Say, you don't gall that a new one, do you?"

the figure 8 on the table with the bottom of

"I know some knockers that are good enough at it to build a battleship—come back to the ome sack, I called you out," replied the Tammany man, mournfully. "Nix, it wasn't any He might have been a hodcarrier or a plane mover, though, by the looks of himbut wise! Say, lemme tell you how wise that

"The second afternoon I broke into Kansas

City I got mixed up with a bunch of those Clark

people from Montana, and it was too sprinty game for me. When I had four of those murdering Mamle Taylor things lined up in front of me at one and at the same time, I figured it out that if I stayed along with that gang of Indians for another twenty minutes it would be a case of two crap shooters on the hotel staff picking me up at the head and feet and lifting me up to my bunk like a scuttle of coal.

"I never butted into a bunch in my life like that Clark outlit, and I've mixed it up with aplenty of crews around this way that could go the distance at that. They'd heave in a basin of the old red every minute all day and up to 4 o'clock in the morning, and then they'd go upstairs to their rooms, change their collars and cuffs, come downstairs to the dining room with eyes as clear as moss agates and nerves as steady as hitching posts, eat a couple o' point of o' steak for breakfast, with a dozen or so o' wheat cakes on the side, and twenty minutes later start right in again on the pink s'aff in the tall tumblers as if they'd been resting up on a farm for a month or two. I used to think that some of the gang around this way were stayers, but we're only quarter horses alongside of those Montana Blackfeet.

"Well, as I say, I saw that I was outclassed, and I didn't intend to be put out in a punch and miss the fun. so I told the circle of Clarkites that I was with that I wanted to see a man at the hotal dask and 'ud be back in a minute. Then I drilled out the front door and hopped on an open car that was passing. I wanted to let the wind blow on me, and I wanted a chance to think it over. I didn't know where the car was going, but the end of the line was good enough for me.

"The end seat hog game don't go out there, dering Mamie Taylor things lined up in front of me at one and at the same time. I figured

or me.
"The end seat hog game don't go out there, "The end seat log game don't go out there, and so the duck who was on the outside moved back to let me have his berth. He was a husky-looking geezer, in rough togs, a white shirt with nothing to show for the collar but a big loone collar-button, and a bum straw lid. He looked like a horny hand, all right, and he was pulling on a corneob pipe. We had the seat to ourselves. I passed him the proper thank for moving along and giving me the outside seat, and then the conductor came along and I reached into the change hole in my pocket for the nickel. I was all out on the change game, and so I dug into my jeft-hand waisteont for the nickel. I was all out on the change game, and so I dug into my left-hand waistcoat pocket for the main wad, which I got out after some bother, for it was a big bundle of the smaller ones, and it fit tight. I stripped a two-spot off the roll and handed it to the gy-ard, and then soaked the roll—it figured up about \$180-back in that left-hand vest hole.

The boilermaker on my left didn't appear to be paying any attention to my end of it until be paying any attention to my end of it until after the conductor slipped along, but he then turned his moon face to me with a yappy grin

and said he:

"From the old town, hub, pard?"

"Take the head of the class and don't guess any more, 'said I. "That's where I'm trom."

"Used to work there myselt, 'said the pianomover guy, good-naturedly. 'Ran a donkey engine at Haveneyer's sugar works. Ever been through 'em?"

"Well, I played 'em for a few last winter when the market was going up, 'said I, 'but the market didn't soar any more after I got my checks down. That's the limit of my tag playing with sugar."

checks down. That's the limit of my tag playing with sugar.'
"My truckman seatmate seemed to be next to that, all right, for he swelled the grin, and then we got into a seneral line of chawerino. He'd been in Kansas City a whole lot tonger than he wanted to be, he said, and he had it in mind to take another hack at the New York end of the Atlantic seaboard before long. Said he had to pretend out there that he was dead stuck on Kansas City and all that, but that on

initial to take another back at the New York and of the Atlantic scaboard before long. Said he had to pretend out there that he was dead stuck on Kansas City and all that, but that on the dead quiet he'd rather be in or around New York with a broken back and forty cents to the bad than be Governor of Missouri.

That line of spiel kind o' warmed me up to the duck with the bone collar button, and I told him he had the right idea of it, and so on. He moved a little closer to me it order to tell me what a bum town he honestly thought K. C. was saing that he'd get a ducking in that mud stream out there if any Kansas Cit ite happened to overhear him taking a bite out of the town, particularly for the benefit of a strauger.

"We were rattling along out in the suburbs when a big black mamma with a basket spotted our seat as the one where she wanted to plant and when the car stopped she climbed up. I'm such a confirmed end seat hog misself that I let her crowd by me and my pai the piano mover, did't want to be shut off from the delight and i istructiveness of my conversation for he let her crowd by him too it was a tight fit, for the old mammy was up near the 300 mark and she had a big market basket along too. She was still trying to wedge herself by. And was right between me and my setumate who longed for the old town, when the conductor started the ear, and it went with such a Jerk that the old mammy fell between the word of a job to help the old black woman and her basket over to her seat, and it was pretty well clawed up in the mix. When she was floully planted the bollermaker on my left gave a tur, at his hat knuckled his forehead some said Glad to ve mot a gent from the old town 'whistled between his teeth to signal the conductor and got off.

"I went on to the end of the line, took a return car and got back to the hotel, where I fell in with some of my own gavg, which mean some more speed. That's when the great light burst upon me. I went right awas by my self to think it over, and then I sailed over to head of t

DARKY PRANKS ON THE STREET. Imitation Cake Walks to Pick Up Cents From the Amu-ed Onlookers.

Imitation cake walks on the street are among the latest schemes to scrape up money. They are being done by two colored lads about 10 years old. Every day the youngsters start on a trip through Harlem, and when they find an organ grinder they ask him to play some tune, to which they do a cakewalk. They never fail to make a deal with the organ man and then the follow him around for the rest of the day.

The bos have become very popular, especially on the West Side, where they generall appear about sundown. The stoops are well occupied at that they.

about sundown. The stoops are well occupied at that tame.

The bo's are very amusing because of their make-ups and savings. The tailer wears a frock coat and carries a cane almost as big as himself. The other wears a suit which remads one of a crazy quit from all the patches on it. Both wear shoes about five times too large for them. Man: 'ersons who have seen them perform say there is not much about cake walking that they do not know.

When night comes the boys, after settling with the organ grinder, make for home to change clothes. When one of them was asked why he did not get a job in one of the music halls, he said:

he said:
"No. sah; these are easy times, and we make mosh dough this way."

WR. OLIVER'S RLACK BYES Solicitude Shown by His Friends Over an Im-

portation From Chicago. Billy Oliver showed up at the Brighton Beach racetrack on Saturday afternoon a week as with a green shade over his left eye. He went to Chicago several weeks ago and this was the first time he had been seen by his friends here since then. Both eyes were in good shape when he left for Chicago. It naturally excited the curiosity of a number of people when Billy and his green shade blew into town.

"Why, Billy Oliver," said the first man ran up against him, "what is the matter with

"Han against a door," said Mr. Oliver, slidings away as last as he could. He went over to the paddock to look at a couple of his horses. Four men got around him at once, Fight?" said one.

"Who did it?" asked another. "Bum lamp?" asked a third, pointing to his own eye. "Horse kicked me," said Billy, looking for

"I should have thought he'd have kloked the whole side of your face in," remarked the

"I was so close to the hoof that he couldn' get a swing," said Mr. Oliver, and then he saw an opening and took advantage of it. He went over to the judges' stand. One of the judges came out, looked Mr. Oliver over,

and then remarked soliciously: "What's the matter with the eye, Billy?" "Fell down." Another inmate of the judges' stand came

"Glad to see you back again, Billy. Wel I declare you've hurt your eye, haven't you?" It was with difficulty that Mr. Oliver swalowed his wrath. Then he said:

"Boy threw a stone at me." "Why you just told me-" began the first judge, but Billy didn't hear the rest. He kipped out of the stand and made for a secluded spot in a corner of the betting ring Before he was half way there another friend barred the way. The friend looked at the patch and then putting his finger up in a kittenish

and then putting his finger up in a way, remarked:
"You will light, will you?"
"You're an ass," was all that Oliver could say, and then he changed his course and made for the roof of the grandstand. Very few people go up to the roof of the grandstand and that's why Oliver went there. The first man that he ran into was the iton. Bill Bosher.
"Hello, Billy," said Mr. Bosher.
Mr. Oliver hesitated before advancing. Then he went ahead cautiously, He grasped Mr.

Mr. Oliver hesitated before advancing. Then he went ahead cautiously, He grasped Mr. Bosher's hand and shook it cordially. Bosher gianced at the patch, but said nothing, He made some comment on the races, and the two men discussed horses and other things for about five minutes. As the minutes passed Mr. Oliver began to show impatience. Bosher noticed it, but said nothing. Oliver stood it for a long time, and then unable to contain himself any longer blurted out: himself any ionger blurted out;
"Why don't you ask me what's the matter
with my eye?"
"What do I care?" said Bosher.

"What do I care?" said Bosher.
Oliver looked the Hon. Bill over from head to foot. He seemed awed for a moment, but when he recovered himself he said in a voice full of admiration:
"Bosher, you're a wonder. You're the first man that I've met here to-day that hasn't made some kind of a crack about that eye. I'm going to tell you how I got it. A guy in Chicago gave me that. It wasn't a case of light; just plain assault. The next man that asks me about that eye, though—"
Tony Aste, the owner of Jack Point, came across the roof at this moment and, spotting Oliver, rushed across with extended hand.
"Why, Billy," he said: "I heard about you downstairs and I came up here looking for you to say—""

downstairs and I came up here looking for you to say—

"Den't say it, Aste," said Oliver, a desperate look coming into his well eye and his fist be ginning to clench: "you're a friend of mine and I den't want to punch you, but—

"Don't say what?" demanded Aste, looking puzzled.

"Don't say me about that eve."

"I wasn't going to," reriled Aste; "I was only going to say that I'm going to win the big race to-day with Jack Point. But, by the way, how did you—

"Cut it out if you don't want to get punched," roared the desperate Oliver. "Talk about the race, anything but that eve. Jack Point win? Rats! You can put my other eye on the bogus if he does, and that goes."

Aste went away looking very sad over the bight of his friend. One of those touts that have a speaking acquaintance—on the track

plight of his friend. One of those touts that have a speaking acquaintance—on the track only—with big turfinen, came along. He looked Oliver over and thought it would be a nice thing to ask him about his injured eye. He only got half of his polite question out when Oliver landed him one under the ear. He'd have got some others, too, if he hadn't taken to his heels. The big race came off and Jack Point won. Acts was the home back safely in the stable. The big race came off and Jack Point won. Aste saw the horse back safely in the stable and then began a search for Oliver. The latter had left the roof and was hiding in a stall in the paddock. Aste brought him out and told him that he had come around to blacken that other eye. The only condition ou which he would let Oliver off was that he should go out in the orien and show himself. Oliver accented the terms. He emerged from his hiding place and started across the urf, aste and everal others whom he had let in the secret following. Every two steps that Oliver took some one stepped up to ask tenderly about that eye. The language that Oliver used in response to most of the que tions was sulphurous in the extreme. He called his intimate friends idiots and fools and he had other names for those solicitous inquiers who were not his friends, but merely acquaintances. Every minute that passed he got angrier. Finally, to the intense amusement of Aste and the others, he bolted the track entirely and it wasn't until the middle of last week that he showed up again. The oatch was gone then and the only sign of the Chleago affair was a slight yellowish tings around the edge of the eye.

One man who hadn't been at the track on the previous Saturday noticed if and was about to make an inquiry, when a good-natured clend pulled him off. No one asked Billy Oliver about his eye that day and no one has a ked him about it since. In fact, it will not be safe for several days to mention eyes to him. At the same time there is a great deal of curiosity among local sporting men to know just how Oliver's larmo was extinguished.

"Who blacked Billy Oliver's eye?" has become as burning a question among the sports as "Who hit Billy Patterson?" has ever been among politicians.

for the ones and show him self. Oliver accented the terrary, it is emorged from his britter of the terrary in the interpretation of the secret following. Every two steps that Oliver took some context of the context o

I want to know how to do it like the real thing.

I don't find much trouble in saying 'cahn't,'
but ought I to say 'cahn' or 'cahn not?' If not, why not? I'm just sure to get all mixed up if I say I'can' and follow it right away with I'cahn't, 'and I'm sure I never could do a thing like that in society and live. It would be a dead give-nway, wouldn'tif' But worse than that is 'half-peat', like and half-past' and sauce. Sometimes plain 'half-past' and sometimes plain 'half-past' and sometimes plain 'half-past' and sometimes plain 'half-past' and sometimes plain 'half-past'. I've tried hard enough.

Then there is 'and' I slways called it by its name and thought everybody else did, but its name and its

FORCED TO PLAY A SPOOK

CAPT. LAWYER'S UNCANNY EXPERI-ENCE IN AN UPTOWN FLAT.

Late in the Night He Stepped Into the Hall to

Put Gut the Gas-His Door Slammed and Left Him Standing There Clad in a Nightshirt-His Trying Time in Getting Back. An explanation of the phantem figure which appeared on West End avenue in the middle of night a month ago is worth being made to set at rest the fears of the neighborhood's nurse girls and because it illustrates a new peril of flat life in a big city. Capt. Charles Lawver, the hero of it, says that if he lives until his lease ends in September not even matrimony will induce him to live in a flat again. Capt. Lawyer is an officer in a crack National Guard organization, and his midnight experience not only shocked his modesty and injured his dignity. but it brought on a bad cold and something that suggested nervous prostration. If it had not een for these physical ills he might possibly have forgotten it as a bad dream.

The apartment where Capt. Lawyer sleeps and breakfasts is on the second floor of a building which boasts of six stories and all modern onveniences except an all night elevator. The flats rent at a medium price, which is likely to insure respectability, and few of its tenants have occasion for an elevator after midnight. The janitor is obliging, and as it is a part of his duty to turn out the upper hall gaslights at midnight, Capt. Lawyer told him not to trouble himself about the light in the second hall.

"You see, Mr. Ferguson," said the Captain, "I am interested in some missions and things like that, you know, which frequently detain meuntilafter midnight, and if you will have the ight burning every night I will put it out."

"All right," said Ferguson, "but it would be worth my job if the landlord should come around some morning and find it burning." "Trust me, Mr. Ferguson," said the Captain. I never deceived a janitor." Thus it happened, just a month ago, that

when Capt. Lawyer reached his bedroom after an evening with the Young Men's checker Club and Life Saving Association and wound his couckoo clock before climbing into bed, he remembered that he had neglected to turn out the gas in his hall. The clock indicated 12:30 and all the other upper hall lights were out. Capt. Lawyer wore a night-hirt which was several feet shorter than a rainy day skirt. The entire house seemed a seep and without putting on a bathrobene dodged into the hall to turn out the ga, and thus keep faith with Ferruson. on a bathrobehe dodged into the hall to turn out the ga; and thus keep faith with Ferguson.

Just as Lawyer reached the gas jet the door of his flat swung to with a click that indicated that the Yale lock had done its duty. It was an unfortunate accident. Lawyer felt for als key ring and his hand lighted on the side of his night-hirt. His subsequent reflections were not pleasant. He knew that he could not break into his flat. Moreover it was quite cool, and the longer he remained inactive the more chilly he felt.

the longer he remained inactive the more chilly he felt.

There is nothing for me to do," thought the Captain, "but to go down and ring the janitor's bell. Ferguson has a duplicate key of my nat and he will let me in.

Capt. Lawyer stole down the flight of stairs, stopping every two or three steps to listen, and just as he reached the bottom he heard several persons coming up the steps from the street. Back upstairs he bounded and then leaned over the rail to size up the intruders. The proved to be an unidentified young woman and her escort.

and her escort.
"Such a lovely evening," he heard the young "Such a lovely evening," he heard the young into the hall. "I have "Such a lovely evening," he heard the young woman say as she came into the hall. "I have enjo ed it so much."

"Awfully glad you could come. I enjoyed it so much that I don't like to say good-by "Do you always say that?"

"Never to any other giri, 'pon my word."

"Say good-by and chase out, you booby," thought the Captain as he shivered in the hall above.

"Say good-by and chase out, you booby, thought the Captain as he shivered in the hall above.

The conversation degenerated into a confused mumble for a few minutes and the Captain ran the risk of housenaids' knee as he knet with his e es glued to the rais ready to spri it to ease the young woman came upstairs.

"M-m-m-no now-oh, please don't," said the lower hall voice. "Well, then, just once, because you are a cousin, you know."

"Kissing," thought the Captain. "That's tough luck. Wooder if I hadn't better cough. If that chap knew how coid and uncomfortable I am he would go home."

More mumbles came from the lower hall, and at last when the girl said good-night for the hundredth time or more her escort said:

"I think I will see you safel; to your apartment. Never can tell who is lurking around halls at this hour," and the couple began to climb the steirs. Capt Law er, not being handicapped by having clothes, knew that he could keep his lead, but he was naturally curious to know on which floor the girl lived. At the top of the second flight of stairs he waited. The couple started up after him. Higher went the Captain and behind him slowl, came the couple. When he reached the top floor the Captain was agitated. It couldn't be possible Captain was agitated. It couldn't be possible that this girl lived on that floor! She did, however. As she and her escort started on the last flight of stairs Capt, Lawy er her rated between shouting at them, doing a shadow dance on the landing to frighten them or climbing the ladder that led up to the skylight. Discretion prevailed, and as the Captain hurried up the ladder his luck changed for the moment. The skylight was unlocked. He had just time to push it open and vanish when the coupla reached the all. If the Captain had been cold in the lails he forgot it when he reached the

to others. It didn't take him long to climb up to his flat, and when Fergusen unlocked the does for him the Captain said.

"There is as much as \$10 in this for you, Ferguson, if you will keep quiet about it. I don't care for myself, but please respect the feelings of that dear young woman on the top floor. It she knew that a man wearing only a nightshirt had preceded her up those stairs and witnessed from the roof her lingering good-bys she would very naturally be embarrassed. You understand?"

"Sure!' said Ferguson.

Capt. Lawyer's cuckoo clock was striking 2 as he entered his bedroom. The belated mald who had seen him spread the report that a wild man or a spook was loose at night in the neighborhood, and within a day a dozen other women alleged that they had seen him. Capt. Lawyer made a confession two weeks ago, and from it was obtained this story. Every time he thinks of the roof of his apartment house he has been forced to take a high ball to restore his nerves, and to avoid any repetition of this eyperience he has gone to his club to sleep when he found that he could not reach home before 12. Ferguson now turns out the gas in the second hall at midnight.